

## Unsung Heroes Part One

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## Unsung Heroes Part One

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Unsung Heroes: Part One

Hello, Nurse

—

Christine Swiderski looked at her watch, sighed, and put down her \_Cosmopolitan \_magazine. The match would be ending soon, and there would be a veritable flood of hypochondriac wrestlers coming into the nurse's office to complain about the injuries they had sustained while bashing in people's heads with metal folding chairs.

The first person to come in was the Big Show. "Nurse," he whined.

Christine came to the desk. "Yes, Mr. Wight?"

"Call me Show," he said. He held up his hand. "I think I sprained my wrist."

"Let me see it," Christine said. She closed her hand around his wrist. "Seems fine." She took her hand away. "Try twisting your hand back and forth."

Big Show twisted his hand back and forth without a problem. Realizing that he had just invalidated his entire excuse for not having to face Chyna, who had just kicked his butt, he winced.

"Ouch," he whimpered. "That hurts."

Christine rolled her eyes. "Your hand is fine."

"Can you put a cast on it anyway?" asked Show. He made a puppy-dog face. "Please?"

Christine found herself rather liking Show, actually. He was cute in an immature sort of way, like her son-in-law, Michael. Every time something bad happened, he ran to Marie for comfort. "I'll put a bandage on it. How about that?"

Show's face lit up. "Okay!"

He stood perfectly still while Christine wrapped an Ace bandage around his hand. "There! How's that?"

Show inspected the bandage. "It's great! Thanks." Christine felt a sudden, irrational urge to give him a lollipop and one of those stickers with a smiley face on it.

Instead, she gave him a little smile and sent him on his way.

The Rock was the next to come in. He wasn't nearly as polite as the Big Show.

"HEY NURSE! The Rock needs professional help and he needs it now!"

"I'd say he does," muttered Christine. She came out of the office, wiping her hands on a towel. "Yes, Mr. Johnson?"

The Rock looked at her. She looked back. For a moment she couldn't understand what was wrong. Then she knew.

"What happened to your eyebrows?" she asked, attempting to hold in a flurry of wild giggles.

The Rock looked at his feet. "I had a fight with Gangrel, and that fake blood stuff gave me an allergic reaction."

"Well, we can fix that for now with a makeup pencil," Christine told him, forcing herself to act brisk and businesslike, despite the ridiculousness of the situation. She didn't ordinarily like The Rock much. He reminded her of a doctor she had known in college, who had been a sexist. He had called all the female doctors 'Nurse,' and had acted like a macho snot.

The Rock tried to give her the People's Eyebrow, which almost made her burst out laughing. "The Rock does not wear makeup."

"You are a professional wrestler who dresses like a complete idiot and you never refer to yourself in the first person," Christine reminded him. "You can stand to wear a little makeup."

The Rock didn't look happy, but he allowed Christine to pencil black lines onto his eyebrows. "Do you have to?"

"Unless you want to spend five months as a laughingstock, yes," Christine said.

When Christine was done, The Rock looked in the mirror critically at himself. He tried giving himself the People's Eyebrow.

He turned to Christine. "Thanks, Jabroni."

Christine glared at him. "Don't call me that. I am a professional nurse and I just saved your career."

The Rock gave her a death stare. Before he could say anything, Christine started in on him. "Know your role and shut your mouth, like you always tell everyone else to. I am a nurse and you are a patient. Now get out of here."

The Rock did.

Chyna swaggered in next, looking beat-up, bruised, bloody, and otherwise battered, but extremely satisfied with herself.

Christine looked up from some paperwork. "Well. Looks like you got in a little fight there."

"Yeah, and you should have seen the other guy," Chyna smirked. Christine resisted the urge to smack that smug little smile off her face.

"I think I already did," she said, busying herself with finding the roll of bandages. "Big Show, right?"

"Yup," Chyna said. She grinned. "Pretty damn good, huh?"

"I suppose," Christine said. She looked in the medicine cupboard. "What do you need?"

"Just an aspirin," Chyna said.

Christine sighed. She put back the bandages, which had been hiding under a stack of paper towels, the antiseptic, and some surgical tape. Then she took out the aspirin.

She shook out two. "Here."

Chyna gulped them down without a glass of water. "Thanks." She strode out of the office.

Triple-H limped in, groaning audibly. He stopped a moment at the door and made sure that Christine was watching him, then limped into the office.

Christine sighed. "What's wrong?"

"My knee hurts," Triple-H whined.

"What did you do to it?" asked Christine.

"I scraped it," Triple-H explained. He showed his scraped knee to Christine. It wasn't much, just a little raw skin.

Christine got out the bottle of Bactine and a box of bandages. "This may hurt a little bit," she warned, pouring out some onto a cotton ball.

Triple-H stuck out his knee and closed his eyes. Christine gingerly put the cotton ball onto his knee and swabbed it around a little.

"OWEEOUCHOOHTHATHURTSOWW!!!!" Triple-H yelled.

Christine took off the cotton ball. "For God's sake, my three-year-old nephew doesn't scream that much."

Triple-H wiped his nose on his sleeve. There was a river of snot running down his face. "But it hurt," he bawled.

Christine almost laughed. "You get hit with metal chairs and don't complain, but you blubber like a baby over a little antiseptic? That's ridiculous."

Triple-H glared at her through his tears. "Well, this hurts a lot more than a metal chair, I mean, that's all fake."

Christine grabbed a large Band-Aid and applied it to the minuscule wound. "This only stings for a moment."

Triple-H sulked while Christine put on the bandage. "Fine." After she was done, he got up and hobbled out, looking for some sympathy from Stephanie.

Gangrel came in, looking nervous.

"Hi, I'm, uh, here for the, uh—" His voice trailed off.

Christine looked up. "For what?"

Gangrel fidgeted. "I, um, need an allergy shot. Vince said to go get one, 'cause he doesn't want me to get sick and I didn't get a shot yet."

"Hold on." Christine searched for Gangrel's paperwork under a pile of used Kleenex. She studied the sheet. "No, you haven't. And you're allergic to—cats?"

"Yeah, that's why I had to break up with Luna. She likes cats," explained Gangrel.

Christine shrugged. "Makes sense. Hold still and roll up your sleeve." She went to get a hypodermic needle.

When she came back, Gangrel was looking with apprehension at the needle. "Will this hurt?" he asked cautiously.

"Yes," Christine said.

Gangrel fidgeted as Christine filled up the needle with clear allergy medicine. "Hold still," she told him. She stuck him with the needle.

Gangrel watched in horror as the tube filled up with red. "Is that my blood?" he whispered, his face going white.

Christine nodded. "That's what happens when you get a shot."

Gangrel toppled off the table. Christine shook her head in disgust. "Acts like a vampire in the ring and faints at a little blood. No wonder Luna broke up with him."

When Christine had gotten Gangrel out of the office, she settled back in her chair. She was pretty sure that there wouldn't be anyone else coming into the office, except maybe Vince to give her the paycheck.

She leaned back. "Finally."

There was a knocking at the door, and Stephanie peeked in. "Um, Ms. Swiderskiâ€|Vince is sick. He just threw up. Would you come help, please?"

Christine sighed and got out of her chair. "I'll be right there." She decided to ask for a raise.

End  
file.